

tution (infinitely more weighty than any which the British subject can produce of his allegiance to his Queen) is the tacit admission, and practical observance, North and South, not only of all that it actually contains, but of the provisions of an unwritten paragraph, universally assumed to exist under Sec. 2d (Privilege of Citizens) of Art. IV. (State Rights), to the following effect:

An citizen of a slaveholding State is hereby authorized to question any stranger within the limits of such State as to his past and present allegiance, in thought, word and deed, to slavery; and if the answering, or misanswering, or nonanswering, of the person thus "put to the question" reveal any ground of suspicion against him, any number of slaveholders shall form a quorum, hereby authorized to duck, flog and feather, pelt with rotten eggs, and expel from the State, by night or otherwise, or, if it seem preferable, to hang to the next tree, without delay, such suspected persons, without responsibility to any tribunal except Public Sentiment.

The latest case recorded of proceedings under this article (copied in last week's *Liberator* from the *Boston Transcript*) was that of Mr. Theodore D. Parker, of this city, who, after being implicitly censured by his self-appointed Virginian censor and after having humbly explained the difference between himself and Theodore Parker (the man without a D, but with a backbone), was dismissed with an order to write the D. *damned plan*, when he signed his name in that manner.

Now, this particular incident may be a mere joke, manufactured from no other real material than the resemblance between the names and Mr. Theodore D. Parker, whose name is implicitly censured by the District Attorney, who, after being implicitly censured by his self-appointed Virginian censor and after having humbly explained the difference between himself and Theodore Parker (the man without a D, but with a backbone), was dismissed with an order to write the D. *damned plan*, when he signed his name in that manner.

The water for ships leaving New York is supplied by persons who purchase the privilege from the Crotton Water Department. These persons know that vessels built to sail with extraordinary rapidity, from two to four hundred tons, for which any legitimate trade should carry a crew of ten to sixteen men, are commonly and openly fitted out in the slave trade, and who almost weekly send out from this port vessels fitted out for this traffic. The law makes the punishment death, provided the master or owner is an American citizen. The Custom-House authorities in Philadelphia and Boston, where a like examination of ships' papers has taken place, were always to have particularly followed the provisions of the law, and it is done, if slaves are fitted out, and sent to sea, to any such extent as is known to be the case here.

The steady growth of our grand idea, through which we should naturally realize this result, the recent outrages of the Slave Power in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the carrying off of Burns, and other deeds of terrible atrocity, have suddenly startled thousands from their sleep. The men, too, who sell rice, and they who sell the shackles, know, likewise, what these are intended. And yet, in the face of these facts, and of the belief of intelligent merchants, that, on average, a slave ship, almost openly fitted out as such, leaves the port of New York about every two weeks throughout the year, we still take no notice of it, and do nothing. And here we have the first conviction under this law, which has been in force for many years. And why was even this case discovered? Because of a squabble between this convicted wretch and his mate for the spoils—the sum at issue being some \$400, and both parties, doubtless, of suffering, of shame, or of guilt.

In this crisis, so favourable to our work, we propose to give the light so loudly demanded, by sending into the field as many devoted, efficient Lecturers, and by scattering throughout the country as many Tracts, as the friends of the cause will furnish us the means of supplying.

A series of twenty Tracts, concise, pithy, and stringent, and specially adapted to the present crisis, are now in preparation for the press, and will be stereotyped, and scattered broadcast through the country, so soon as the means shall enable us to put into our hands.

We rely on your exertions and sacrifices to aid us in this enterprise.

The work must not be postponed. The best portion of the lecturing season is at hand. What is done must be done quickly, or half the good we might accomplish will be lost.

We entreat you, for your own soul's sake, for the slave's sake, for our country's sake, for the sake of the world's redemption, forward us such a donation as shall satisfy your conscience through time and through eternity, and, if possible, call on your friends and neighbours to enlarge the amount by their contributions.

All remittances to be made to our Treasurer, FRANCIS JACKSON, Boston, Mass. All money received will be acknowledged through the columns of the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*.

On behalf of the Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, WENDELL PHILLIPS, *Ree. Sec'y.* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Tras.*

WHAT WE OWE THE SLAVEHOLDERS.

"Read them"—*e. the people of the North*—"*that the first duty is no more owing to the slave than to the master of the slave.*"—*Hon. Henry A. Wise to N. Adams, D.D.*

We readily accept the counsel. If, at any time,

in the sympathy which the sight of suffering men have

forgotten for a while the condition and character of the oppressor, or even felt, when we remembered him, something of the indignation which tyranny and meanness are wont to rouse in the heart, yet

we cannot dwell long on the thought of slavery without feeling that there is in the case not only

the sin against, but the sinning ; that the one

as well as the other is a human being, endowed with large capacities, and destined to a glorious end ; and that, so far as we can reach either by

our words or our deeds, we owe to both the same

points, who, forsaken, knows of any nearer relation

between Ham and the American slave than between Ham and the African master?

Yes ! one thing at least we are at the North do owe to the master : it is to leave off this silly, contemptible nonsense by which we help him support

him as for the slave.

The sheer nonsense—the pretence, deserving simply to be met and put down by one burst of overwhelming ridicule—that the Negro belongs to another than the Human race, may be just dismissed as asking no second thought. Here, then, is no difference.

If any person, leaving this ground, should come to that of country and patriotism, what advantage here hath the European over the African, the African over the European ? The same oil has been spilled on the hands of both for now more than two hundred years ; the memories of ancestors, the attachments of family, the relations to a country, the common parent of us all, belong equally to the Negro and the White. To all these endearments the American of European descent has a claim almost as right as that of the American of African descent. Perhaps not quite ; for the latter has had no share in the rapacity and violence, the fraud and injustice, by which the former so often gained and established his possession of lands belonging to other tribes of men. That dark page is turned over ; let us try to write the future in brighter characters. What we wish is simply to fix the impression that, as all Americans are alike men, so none the less are they countrymen ; thence both humanity and patriotism demand an equal interest in them all. If Mr. Wise's slaves are men, we would not forget that he is a man also ; if they are Americans, be it confessed that he is an American ; if by these designations they are our brethren, by both he, too, our brother.

Yes ! we accept the word which the impious enslaver, the reckless politician, the murderous duelist has spoken to the smooth-tongued divine. We do owe something to the master ; we might even thank him for reminding us of it. We owe generous, spontaneous, manly indignation ; we owe the distinct and emphatic expression of that indignation ; we owe the utterance of a voice so loud, so clear, so decisive that his ear cannot fail to hear, that his heart cannot avoid feeling, that his will cannot choose but acknowledge it energetically as itself. We owe him our service in disabusing his mind of the excuses which we have so sedulously furnished for his misdeeds ; we owe him a truer interpretation of the Bible, which we have shorn of its divineness that we might palliate the tyranny or transfigure it to justice and kindness ; we owe him a purer assumption of the Higher Law, to the degradation of which even the mountaineers, those glorious types of purity, its elevation and its permanence, have been degraded by Northern lips ; we owe him word and deed, instinct with living power, proclaiming and embodying the Divine Spirit thronged in the Conscience, and calling him, in the name of the Eternal, to repeat of his sin and turn to a holier course. We owe him gentleness of demeanour, as well as inward love and sympathy ; not the tamelessness of the coward or the sluggish, but something of higher strain, the gentleness of courage, the gentleness of the allegoric Knight.

"Yield in mightie arms and silver shield," going forth on great adventure, determined never to rest until those arms have essayed their virtue on the stern and horrible Dragon, that infernal Fiend, which with foul up roar, has already stretched itself over all the land, and is even now wasting it with serpent train.

So far we have gone no further than to acknowledge the application of the principle involved in our motto. No further in direct expression. Further, perhaps, in this : While the words only ask that the master be considered as well as the slave, the meaning may be, "Let the slave altogether alone. Put him out of your thought wholly. The only duty which the North owes to the South is oblivion of the entire subject." We may take the words, however, as they stand ; as if they meant, a good faith, that we owe duty to both master and slave. This is true, but not the whole truth. The master is both the worse and the worse off. So, perhaps, our very Abolitionism may incite, and urge us to even a deeper feeling for slaveholders than that to which devout men and devout statesmen have been so long pressing us.

Men have always considered avarice the source of wealth ; but they have seldom reflected on the converse of this law.

The lawyers, the orators, the politicians, which inserted a week or two since were to the Mayor of Cincinnati. They required as much as Mr. Blackwell, who participated in the rescue, was a resident of their city, they should make a public demonstration, "disavowing of the rescue," and, if possible, getting the Secretary of the Portuguese Consul to do the same.

We believe this is the first time in which a conviction of being engaged in the African slave trade has ever been had in this City—and this is due entirely to a disagreement between the captain and his mate about the payment of a trifling sum of money. Yet, as we have repeatedly stated in the *Times*, scarcely a month passes in which there are not one or more vessels cleared at this port, which embark at once in the slave trade and land their cargoes on the shores of Africa. The facts given in evidence on this trial show how little this is done with what perfect impunity, so long as all the participants engaged in it are satisfactorily paid for keeping silent. In order to a conviction, the vessel concerned must be, at the time, owned either in whole or in part by an American citizen, or else the party accused must himself be a citizen. The first provision is usually evaded by a *sham* : the last by procuring a foreigner, usually a Portuguese, as commander. The only defence advanced is that the vessel was unregistered. It was claimed that Mr. Smith was a naturalized German, and it was also asserted and partly proved that the ship was paid for by the Secretary of the Portuguese Consul at that port.

This last point is one that ought immediately to engage the attention of the Government. If the Portuguese Consul is engaged, directly or indirectly—or suffers his Secretary to be engaged—in so flagrant a violation of the laws of the United States, his *exequatur* ought to be instantly revoked.

—*N. Y. Daily Times.*

WELL DONE, CINCINNATI.—The Western Tennesseans are still frothing and resolving about the *Salmon Fish* trial, which took place in the United States Circuit Court of this City, suggests the most mournful reflections. It is here established beyond denial that the slave trade with Africa is a branch of the mercantile profits of this City, and that the cruelties of the darkest crimes of the darkest ages are physiologically enacted by parties claiming to be gentleman. It is, of course, certain that the captain and crew of the ship in question, only pirates engaged in that abominable transaction, did not intend to bring any specie of compensation to the slaves with them, though with them not brought to justice. It is equally clear that the case of the Julia Moulton is one of many, with the single difference that this one is found out. On this head we presently shall have a word to say, but let us look into the facts of this particular trial.

It was proved that the ship was built in Maine ; purchased by Capt. Smith, in January last ; cleared in ballast for Europe on the 2d February, and brought to this port, where she was cleared on the 11th February with a crew of about fifteen persons. She was a regular slaveholder, holding 664 human beings stolen from Africa, packed like herring—and how many happily died and were thrown overboard we cannot learn, as the counsel for the defence objected to an answer to a question designed to shed light on the branch of a trial which, though it was given in evidence that the captain told the crew that the real owner was a person named Lewis, and that the Secretary of the Portuguese Consul wanted him to Boston to purchase the vessel ! The defense made for the prisoner was that he was not an American—and especially that a Custom-House oath should not be regarded. But Captain Smith had been naturalized, and was considered an American by all, and was convicted accordingly. It is not necessary for us to recapitulate the details of the trial, as they have already been reported in our columns, but the following extracts from it are too pregnant meaning not to bear repetition.

Mr. McKeon, District Attorney, addressed the jury.

He contended that the transaction was a most flagrant violation of the laws. He little thought, he said, what a scene the office he occupied, that he should so soon discover that New York is the very *depot* of this nefarious traffic. The testimony in the trial showed that the Julia Moulton was fitted out at this port expressly for the slave trade, and that James Stowes, the attorney for the defense, knew that.

The provisions taken on board, and other circumstances, were the same as those of the Mayor of Cincinnati, who finally took off board, on the coast of Africa, what they designated cargo. There were 664 human beings crowded on a small vessel, seated, in day time, on the deck, one within the other, and lay at night on the floor. They were all bound, and lay at night on the floor. The life of the crew was a misery, and they have now learned to estimate at something like their true value, and they cease to distrust their equanimity.—*The Budget.*

A new English publication, entitled *Specialty*, for booksellers, and called the *Intelligencer*, has the following piece of news : "Mr. Stowes is a large slaveholder, and the master of three thousand slaves. They are numerous, and what slaves are there?" Her slaves are numerous, and are actually doing very good service, rather respecting, more than that, they are slaves of capital, and are actually doing very good service to the possession of riches : *dividua avutum invenerunt*. The particular fact may be broadened into an universal statement. If inward principles produce outward developments, it is equally certain that these developments react upon the soul, and exerts to greater life, power and activity the principles themselves from which

they proceed and to which they correspond. The withdrawal, moreover, of the outward forms and environments brings about the suspension of the inward forms and qualities. Hence the Homeric saying, so often quoted, so often verified, Slavery destroys half the virtue of the man, grounds itself in the unchangeable order of the universe. Slavery withdraws from the man those conditions of his existence whose electric influences rouse and quicken his internal capacities ; slavery surrounds him with those conditions or forms of existence which, on the contrary, rouse and cherish the lower qualities of our nature. Here, perhaps, we may have sometimes stopped, forgetting that slavery can never be suffered without being inflicted, and that where there is the slave, there must be the tyrant. Take, then, again, the Homeric saying, join with it the suggestion of the Roman historian, carry both to the idea which shines through them : what then ? The possession of slaves, to say nothing of the guilt or innocence of the act in itself, impairs the virtue of the man ; like riches in other forms, it introduces avarice, it engenders proud and selfish ambition, it surrounds the master with sensual excitements and with ample opportunities for that indulgence which feeds and reproduces the gross and unlawful appetite. Let the lion paint as well as the man ; let the slave describe the master, as the master has thus far described the slave ; then we might hear other words, we might see the other side of the picture, darker as it should look on us than the darkness which even now it throws over us. The common nature of man is thereby girded round by the forms and the instruments of despotism. Pride, lust, avarice, first developed in the slaves, to be the messenger, existing or irritating as it may be to the guilty. Whatever there is of freedom ; whatever of the Word which speaketh evermore through the world ; whatever of the spirit with which the Almighty hath endowed us ; whatever of the prophetic experience which has learned from our own miseries to succour the miserable, from our sins and errors to recall the sinful and the wandering ; whatever of irrepressible aspiration, not that men may cease from suffering so much as that they may cease from sinning ; whatever, in one word, of Divine inspiration or of human love in our souls, calls on us to fulfil the duty which we owe to the masters of slaves in our dissolved Union, exposing the enormity of their deed, the wretchedness of their condition, the guilt which they have contracted, and the abyss toward which it is driving both themselves and their country. The Hour calls aloud for the Man ; for the Man, to repeat, as has not yet been done, the *DIVINE DENUNCIATION*. Who bath ears to hear ? Who hath voice to speak ?

ANNEXATION OF CUBA—THE PROSPECT.

The Congress of American Diplomats lately held at Ostend, if we may believe the statements of the *New York Herald*, copied by us last week, agreed to recommend that the Government of the United States should declare, in effect, that its safety and interest demanded that it should purchase or take Cuba at once. Such, according to that paper, was the nature of the dispatches brought by Mr. McRae, American Consul at Paris. It was also evident that France and England were favourable to the sale of Cuba to the United States ; and the President was exhorted to strike a decisive blow without delay. It seems to be agreed on all hands that the object of the Conference, whatever may have been its results, was to promote the annexation conspiracy. This being the fact, our readers will naturally feel the deepest interest in whatever may seem to throw light upon its proceedings ; and therefore we copy the following version of the affair from the *Daily Times*, promising only that we believe that journal likely to be well informed on the subject, and that it would not intentionally mislead the public. This being the fact, our readers will naturally feel the deepest interest in whatever may seem to throw light upon its proceedings ; and therefore we copy the following version of the affair from the *Daily Times*, promising only that we believe that journal likely to be well informed on the subject, and that it would not intentionally mislead the public. According to this account, Mr. Soule's projects of Annexation have all failed, and the slaveholders see no chance of achieving their purpose short of a forcible and piratical seizure of the long coveted Queen of the Antilles. Whether the President, in view of the result of the recent elections, will have the boldness to resort to that measure, is somewhat doubtful.

From the *Times* of Monday.

The project of the meeting (at Ostend) was due mainly to the outbreak of the Spanish Revolution. The *Times* of Monday gives an account of the events in Spain, the dispatch of Mr. Sickles to Washington, for instructions as to the line of policy to be pursued on behalf of American interests as likely to be affected by it. The Administration had meantime been watching the progress of European affairs, and was favourable to the sale of Cuba to the United States.

It was also evident that France and England were favourable to the sale of Cuba to the United States ; and the President was exhorted to strike a decisive blow without delay. It seems to be agreed on all hands that the object of the Conference, whatever may have been its results, was to promote the annexation conspiracy. This being the fact, our readers will naturally feel the deepest interest in whatever may seem to throw light upon its proceedings ; and therefore we copy the following version of the affair from the *Daily Times*, promising only that we believe that journal likely to be well informed on the subject, and that it would not intentionally mislead the public. According to this account, Mr. Soule's projects of Annexation have all failed, and the slaveholders see no chance of achieving their purpose short of a forcible and piratical seizure of the long coveted Queen of the Antilles. Whether the President, in view of the result of the recent elections, will have the boldness to resort to that measure, is somewhat doubtful.

On Sunday, A. M., as our church-going people wended their way to their respective temples (made with hands) of worship, there stoned them in the face, "No Union with Slaveholders," and, as they piously walked on, they, doubtless, soliloquized thus : "We are good Anti-Slavery Christians ; we pity the poor slaves, and wish they were all free and carried back to their own homes in Africa. Our minister, too, is a pious anti-slavery man ; he preached against the infamous Nebraska bill, and prays every Sunday morning that God will unloose the bonds and let the oppressed go free."

An incident occurred in one of our popular churches worthy of note. The Pastor had exchanged pulpits with a Buffalo brother ; the good brother found on the desk, with other notices, that of Mr. Garrison's lecture, which he read up both "loud and plain." During the intermission, some of the careful flock informed the stranger minister that anti-slavery notices were forbidden by the Post-Office, and that the Church was attempted by a Baptist minister, at Angola and Brookville, but it ended in his own confusion and shame.

The adherents to the Church are now mostly convinced that the position of the Church is entirely indefensible, and few will venture the attempt at this ungodly and satanic work. Very many have said to us, "I know that your charges are true ; I know and deplore the pro-slavery character of the Church and her ministry, but I feel that I can do more good to remain in my ungodly ambition ; yet a little longer will I trust to expedient, leaving the great principles of Truth and Right to seek a home with men who were born to be martyrs."

On Sunday, A. M., as our church-going people wended their way to their respective temples (made with hands) of worship, there stoned them in the face, "No Union with Slaveholders," and, as they piously walked on, they, doubtless, soliloquized thus : "We are good Anti-Slavery Christians ; we pity the poor slaves, and wish they were all free and carried back to their own homes in Africa. Our minister, too, is a pious anti-slavery man ; he preached against the infamous Nebraska bill, and prays every Sunday morning that God will unloose the bonds and let the oppressed go free."

An incident occurred in one of our popular churches worthy of note. The Pastor had exchanged pulpits with a Buffalo brother ; the good brother found on the desk, with other notices, that of Mr. Garrison's lecture, which he read up both "loud and plain."

During the intermission, some of the careful flock informed the stranger minister that anti-slavery notices were forbidden by the Post-Office, and that the Church was attempted by a Baptist minister, at Angola and Brookville, but it ended in his own confusion and shame.

The adherents to the Church are now mostly convinced that the position of the Church is entirely indefensible, and few will venture the attempt at this ungodly and satanic work. Very many have said to us, "I know that your charges are true ; I know and deplore the pro-slavery character of the Church and her ministry, but I feel that I can do more good to remain in my ungodly ambition ; yet a little longer will I trust to expedient, leaving the great principles of Truth and Right to seek a home with men who were born to be martyrs."

On Sunday, A. M., as our church-going people wended their way to their respective temples (made with hands) of worship, there stoned them in the face, "No Union with Slaveholders," and, as they piously walked on, they, doubtless, soliloquized thus : "We are good Anti-Slavery Christians ; we pity the poor slaves, and wish they were all free and carried back to their own homes in Africa. Our minister, too, is a pious anti-slavery man ; he preached against the infamous Nebraska bill, and prays every Sunday morning that God will unloose the bonds and let the oppressed go free."

An incident occurred in one of our popular churches worthy of note. The Pastor had exchanged pulpits with a Buffalo brother ; the good brother found on the desk, with other notices, that of Mr. Garrison's lecture, which he read up both "loud and plain."

During the intermission, some of the careful flock informed the stranger minister that anti-slavery notices were forbidden by the Post-Office, and that the Church was attempted by a Baptist minister, at Angola and Brookville, but it ended in his own confusion and shame.

The adherents to the Church are now mostly convinced that the position of the Church is entirely indefensible, and few will venture the attempt at this un

From our Boston Correspondent.

THE ARGUMENT.—Our Correspondent quotes poetry and states facts.—He rejoices in the prospect of confusion and the Fifth.—He rejoices in the prospect of confusion and smugness the battle after all.—He calls it Goliath to his aid and illustrates by Jack the Giant-killer.—He discusses the Anti-Slavery Bill, and the Whigs.—Mr. Allen's and of his treatment by Whigs and Judge Allen.—His advice to parties to treatment of candidates.—Officer Butman.—Arrests and Ball—Stephen Foster and the Phillips—Apprehended conduct of a Grand Jury—Proofs of Original Sin.—The Correspondent makes a recommendation and concludes.—Judge Curtis on Conspiracy, &c., &c.

BOSTON, Nov. 13, 1854.

"The day is evanescent, the morning lowers, And heavily clouds down on the day." The great, the important day big with the fate of know-nothings, Whigs, Republicans (the new alias by which the Free Soilers choose to be called "out of their own name") and Democrats. Or, to descend from the clouds (which is the less importance, inasmuch as the clouds have descended upon us), this is Election Day, and it is raining in the most spiteful and dismaying way possible. I have often accused the Clerk of the Weather of being a Whig or a Democrat, according to his dispensation of his favours; but I think he must have come over, this year, to the non-juring Garrison party, and be bending his energies to the hindering of the lieges from exercising their divine right of suffrage. What the effect of this watering of politics will be can be better told to-morrow than to-day, though one would think they had been diluted enough already, in all conscience. At any rate, they are *minimis*, as there are four parties regularly in the field, as above suggested, not to mention a fifth, less numerous, perhaps, than some of these older parties, but yielding to none in weight of character and respectability. I mean the one headed by your late Corresponding Editor, unless he is basely deserted at the polls by his partisans. This organization, numbering solid less than five votes and sometimes rising to as many as seven, has, for a series of years, voted for the distinguished candidate in question for the secondary office of Lieutenant-Governor, preferring over him, for reasons into which I hope no corrupt considerations have entered, Mr. Wendell Phillips for that of Governor. But, this year, I am given to understand, juster views and a more enlightened policy will reverse the position of these names on the ticket and place them in their natural and proper relations towards each other. Though, indeed, I am assured that your late collaborator owes this promotion to me, it being accorded to him as a reward for my courageous defence of Mr. Commissioner Curtis against all assaults of his enemies at the time his life was in danger, and which he (the Editor and not the Commissioner) hath permitted to be attributed to him without contradiction, of which I have had occasion more than once to complain.

At any rate, I am happy to inform you that our parties are in as nice a mess as your own hearts could desire. There they are, tumbled together, pell-mell, higgledy-piggledy, heads and tails, making a very entertaining spectacle to an impartial spectator like myself. The greatest comfort that is likely to grow out of this state of things is the extermination of the Whigs, which is firmly expected and plausibly hoped, and will come to pass unless the Know-Nothings lie beyond all just sense of political morality. They say that they are strong enough even to carry Boston, the very Cronstadt or Sebastopol of Massachusetts Whiggery. If things turn out as they confidently expect, it will show that a large body of Whigs were disconcerted under the yoke they have worn so long and were glad of the chance of deserting their old leaders, provided they could borrow a coat of darkness, like Jack the Giant-killer, to do it in. I know that it is Giant Pope that is their ostensible enemy; but I shall be content to have him escape provided they can only extirpate our two domestic giants, who profess to quarrel with one another, but both of whom have agreed to deliver any innocent travellers, poor pilgrims from the City of Desecration, that may fall into their hands. Out of the blood of this blessed massacre, it is to be hoped that armed men will spring up ready to fight face to face with the monsters that make the land a stench and an abomination, and hold not back their hands until they have utterly destroyed them. The Giant down in the South Country, with whom both of these are in league, is one far more crafty, treacherous and cruel than ever poor Giant Pope was, even before he had lost his teeth, as John Bunyan tells us he had, and one that is in full vitality and growing daily in strength, and who will devour us all, before long, if he be not knocked on the head.

But to discount from my Allegory, which Mrs. Malaprop tells us is one of the most headstrong of animals, before it carries me out of my depth, the Know-Nothing Movement seems to have struck terror into the hearts of the Whigs—terrors such as are excited by "the substance of ten thousand men" and not by unsubstantial shadows. The Know-Nothing candidate for Governor, Mr. Henry J. Gardner, has had to suffer for the bodily fear into which he has put them. This gentleman was taken, as was your Know-Nothing candidate, from the very shaggiest set of Whigdoms, even that which named the name of the martyred Daniel—he only did not consent (at that time) to the death of the Whig Party, but submitted to the Baltimore nomination. He was a rising man in that communion, active and busy and not without his promised reward, though it is not likely that he ever hoped for higher promotion than the Mayoralty of this City, or possibly a seat in Congress. But since he has joined the new Order and accepted its nomination, the way in which the Whig papers come down upon him is (or should be) a caution to all political Cripes. They attack his sincerity, his veracity, his temperance and his very poetry. He as little dreamt of the rig he was going to run when he set out as John Gilpin did. Like a young bear, all his troubles were to come. But they came, and the cry all along has been "still they come." Judge Allen, of Worcester, met the attack, in a speech there, in which he "let in" to the Know-Nothings for putting up a man notoriously Anti-Temperance and Pro-Slavery. And here our candidate showed the weakness, shared, I believe, by yours, which is the badge of the whole tribe of candidates. "Frailty, thy name is Letter-writing!" When will political parties take the advice which I have lavished upon them, over and over again? There are only two safe things that a party can do—either to nominate a man who can neither read nor write, or else, as soon as the nomination is made, to put him under lock and key, as cruel fathers and guardians do the young ladies on the stage, and never let him out until after Election. Mr. Gardner was ill-advised enough to reply to Judge Allen, which produced a rejoinder, of which the Whigs have made ample use. However, it is affirmed that the only practical effect has been to give him the Rum vote, without losing him that of the Maine Law men, who are ready to take him at his own account of himself rather than at Judge Allen's.

Talking of Worcester puts me in mind of the demonstration there on the occasion of the advent of Deputy Marshal Butman. Of course, you have all the particulars. This man was the very identical man who arrested both Sims and Burns, under false pretences. He was the one whom honest Sims stabbed, and was only prevented from converting himself from a Georgia Slave into a Massachusetts murderer by the fact that the Maine Liquor Law was not at that time in full operation. When it was known that this wretch was in a decent city (we are used to such in Boston), it is no wonder that a popular excitement was aroused, even to the extent of endangering his life. I don't say it was right, observe; but it was uncommonly natural, according to our fallen condition. And it was certainly a beautiful arrangement that all the persons whom he had saved to the towns to collect, were generally useful.

A week or two ago, a party of one hundred and fifty persons, left on their arrival in that territory,

the risk of their own. Of course, this excited great indignation on the part of all Hunkerdom, the Whig province of that kingdom as well as the Loocoofo. It is thought that Governor Washburn may signalize the eighty hours of his administration by ordering his own Body Guard to escort their gallant companion in arms in the Burns campaign, back to Worcester, to enable him to vindicate the outraged majesty of the Fugitive Slave Law. And in case they should not be sufficient, we are confident the whole Sims Brigade will once again rush to arms in the same holy cause. A National magistrate was found to issue warrants against the malefactors and hold them to bail at a thousand dollars a head! Stephen Foster, declining to give bail (even *legal*), was carried in arms to the jail. I am afraid that they will find this malefactor a troublesome customer, and perhaps have to deal with him as they used to do with uncomfortable cases in the New Hampshire State Prison, viz., pardon them out to get rid of them! This will all work together for good, however, and be brought to praise God, as the wrath of man usually does.

Talking of the wrath of man, it is apprehended that this present United States Grand Jury for our District is little likely to appear that of the virtuous Hallett as that he first attempted. No True Bills have as yet been reported against the Fanueil Hall miscreants for exciting the attack on the Court-House for the rescue of Burns. Really, this contumacy (if true) would be enough to convince one of the truth of the doctrine of Total Depravity, if one could have escaped conviction long since. It is high time that those institutions of the Grand and, yet more, the Petty Juries, so justly odious to our best and most learned Judges, were abolished. Only think how it would simplify matters if Attorney Hallett could lay a complaint before Commissioner Curtis or Loring, against, say, Wendell Phillips or Theodore Parker, they to commit them fully for trial, which should be held by Judge Curtis alone, or with only Judge Sprague as his Assessor! We doubt whether the ends of Justice will ever be accomplished until that good day arrives. There could not be the slightest question about the administration of Justice under these circumstances. For, in addition to the just reputation of Judge Curtis as learned in the law in all its ordinary branches, he has proved his fitness for political administrations and decisions by the opinion he gave in this State for Swan (Anti-Nebraska), for Supreme Judge, will be a few hundreders over 74,000, which is by far the heaviest majority ever given in this State. One of the most remarkable facts in this election is the large majorities given by Counties which have always been the strongholds of the Democratic party, for the Anti-Nebraska candidates. The section of country immediately south of the Reserve is called the Backbone of Ohio, as it comprises the highest land in the State, and divides the waters that flow north into Lake Erie and south into the Ohio river. The people, to a great extent, are of German extraction. This district, embracing 11 Counties, has been for the last twenty-six years the stronghold of the Democratic party. The majority for Pierce in the district, in 1852, was 8,011, four of the above Counties giving upwards of 1,000 majority each. At the late election, the Anti-Nebraska vote was 24,472; the Administration vote, 17,613; showing a majority of 6,859, and a loss to the Old Line Democrats of nearly 15,000. The great struggle was for Congressmen; and the Anti-Nebraska candidates run ahead of the above vote (which is that given for Supreme Judge) nearly 2,000 votes. The actual majority is, therefore, nearly 8,000. The Anti-Nebraska majority in the 12 Reserve Counties was 15,409. Ashtabula gave 2,328, Cayuga 2,663, Huron 1,570, and five other Counties over 1,000 each—averaging 1,250. Indeed, the majorities of the State have been so great for freedom that, taking the whole State through, they will average 840 for each County, for Supreme Judge, and nearly 1,000 on the Congressional vote.

In the 4th District, which gave Pierce, in 1852, a majority of 1,270, Nichols, Anti-Nebraska and Know-Nothing, had 5,114 majority!

In the 5th District, which in 1852 gave a Democratic majority of 4,409, Mott, Anti-Nebraska, has nearly 1,000 majority.

In the 9th District, unexpectedly to every one, Cooper K. Watson, who was only announced as a candidate a few days before the election, has 2,560 majority. In 1852, Green, the present member, was elected by a majority of 5,265. He voted for the Nebraska bill, and the people have thus passed their verdict upon him.

But these majorities are all eclipsed by Hamilton County, which in 1852 had a majority of 10,000, and is one far more crafty, treacherous and cruel than ever poor Giant Pope was, even before he had lost his teeth, as John Bunyan tells us he had, and one that is in full vitality and growing daily in strength, and who will devour us all, before long, if he be not knocked on the head.

But to discount from my Allegory, which Mrs. Malaprop tells us is one of the most headstrong of animals, before it carries me out of my depth, the Know-Nothing Movement seems to have struck terror into the hearts of the Whigs—terrors such as are excited by "the substance of ten thousand men" and not by unsubstantial shadows. The Know-Nothing candidate for Governor, Mr. Henry J. Gardner, has had to suffer for the bodily fear into which he has put them. This gentleman was taken, as was your Know-Nothing candidate, from the very shaggiest set of Whigdoms, even that which named the name of the martyred Daniel—he only did not consent (at that time) to the death of the Whig Party, but submitted to the Baltimore nomination. He was a rising man in that communion, active and busy and not without his promised reward, though it is not likely that he ever hoped for higher promotion than the Mayoralty of this City, or possibly a seat in Congress. But since he has joined the new Order and accepted its nomination, the way in which the Whig papers come down upon him is (or should be) a caution to all political Cripes. They attack his sincerity, his veracity, his temperance and his very poetry. He as little dreamt of the rig he was going to run when he set out as John Gilpin did. Like a young bear, all his troubles were to come. But they came, and the cry all along has been "still they come." Judge Allen, of Worcester, met the attack, in a speech there, in which he "let in" to the Know-Nothings for putting up a man notoriously Anti-Temperance and Pro-Slavery. And here our candidate showed the weakness, shared, I believe, by yours, which is the badge of the whole tribe of candidates. "Frailty, thy name is Letter-writing!" When will political parties take the advice which I have lavished upon them, over and over again? There are only two safe things that a party can do—either to nominate a man who can neither read nor write, or else, as soon as the nomination is made, to put him under lock and key, as cruel fathers and guardians do the young ladies on the stage, and never let him out until after Election. Mr. Gardner was ill-advised enough to reply to Judge Allen, which produced a rejoinder, of which the Whigs have made ample use. However, it is affirmed that the only practical effect has been to give him the Rum vote, without losing him that of the Maine Law men, who are ready to take him at his own account of himself rather than at Judge Allen's.

Talking of Worcester puts me in mind of the demonstration there on the occasion of the advent of Deputy Marshal Butman. Of course, you have all the particulars. This man was the very identical man who arrested both Sims and Burns, under false pretences. He was the one whom honest Sims stabbed, and was only prevented from converting himself from a Georgia Slave into a Massachusetts murderer by the fact that the Maine Liquor Law was not at that time in full operation. When it was known that this wretch was in a decent city (we are used to such in Boston), it is no wonder that a popular excitement was aroused, even to the extent of endangering his life. I don't say it was right, observe; but it was uncommonly natural, according to our fallen condition. And it was certainly a beautiful arrangement that all the persons whom he had saved to the towns to collect, were generally useful.

A week or two ago, a party of one hundred and fifty persons, left on their arrival in that territory,

they find, as the papers say, that their "Southern brethren" have resolved that no intruders from the free States shall have quarters there, and named after its builder, A. B. Latte. It embraces some improvements, being lighter and less in length than the others, but of the same power. Some months since, the City of Boston contracted with Latte & Co. for an engine similar to that last mentioned, for \$8,000. It is to be ready for use by the 1st of December. The same firm are building one for Louisville, and one for St. Louis, so that, in a few months, this new and admirable machine will be in use in various directions, and its capabilities tested in all situations.

In our journalism I fancy I see an improvement—perhaps "the wish is father to the thought." The Ledger has, now and then, a really good leader, and seldom anything objectionable; and when it does say "Good Lord!" and "Good Devil!" in the same breath, the former ejaculation seems to be the louder of the two. The well-known North American does respectably in its arm-chair, after its dinner of roast turkey, oyster-sauces and plum-pudding; in a literary way, I have to tell you that the Lady's Book is still punctually issued, without any deterioration to its literary character, which, indeed, was not to be feared.

In the midst of the general dullness and stagnation, Mr. George M. Dallas, who, you will remember, was at one time suspected of a disposition to sacrifice himself on the altar of his country, in the capacity of President of the United States, has published a letter in reply to some one, sanctioning the proposition to form Union Clubs, which, it appears, he regards with a very favourable eye. This vigilant care of the public weal, on the part of this gentleman, would be worthy of all praise at any time, but, is you, must agree with me, peculiarly affecting at the present juncture, and under existing circumstances, when it must be plain, to all impartial persons, he can have but little hope of an opportunity to devote himself to the public weal, at the sacrifice of that private felicity which constitutes the full fruition of the statesman. We are far from being a partisan or even an admirer of Andrew Jackson Davis, but this critique of his "Revelations" is repulsive to our sense of justice as well as to our taste. Alas for Christianity! if we were compelled to judge it by the spirit too often exhibited by those who assume to be its champions.

DEATH OF COMMISSIONER INGRAMHAM.—At a meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society, held Nov. 8th, 1854, the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, That by the death of Edward D. Ingramham, fugitives from slavery, real or alleged, are released from the merciful prescription of a United States Officer who ever gave his aid promptly and eagerly to the most cruel violation of their rights."

CINCINNATI, Nov. 10, 1854.

It is ascertained, now, that the majority in this State for Swan (Anti-Nebraska), for Supreme Judge, will be a few hundreders over 74,000, which is by far the heaviest majority ever given in this State. One of the most remarkable facts in this election is the large majorities given by Counties which have always been the strongholds of the Democratic party, for the Anti-Nebraska candidates.

The section of country immediately south of the Reserve is called the Backbone of Ohio, as it

comprises the highest land in the State, and divides the waters that flow north into Lake Erie and south into the Ohio river. The people, to a great extent, are of German extraction. This district, embracing 11 Counties, has been for the last twenty-six years the stronghold of the Democratic party. The majority for Pierce in the district, in 1852, was 8,011, four of the above Counties giving upwards of 1,000 majority each. At the late election, the Anti-Nebraska vote was 24,472; the Administration vote, 17,613; showing a majority of 6,859, and a loss to the Old Line Democrats of nearly 15,000. The great struggle was for Congressmen; and the Anti-Nebraska candidates run ahead of the above vote (which is that given for Supreme Judge) nearly 2,000 votes. The actual majority is, therefore, nearly 8,000. The Anti-Nebraska majority in the 12 Reserve Counties was 15,409. Ashtabula gave 2,328, Cayuga 2,663, Huron 1,570, and five other Counties over 1,000 each—averaging 1,250. Indeed, the majorities of the State have been so great for freedom that, taking the whole State through, they will average 840 for each County, for Supreme Judge, and nearly 1,000 on the Congressional vote.

In the 4th District, which gave Pierce, in 1852, a majority of 1,270, Nichols, Anti-Nebraska and Know-Nothing, had 5,114 majority!

In the 5th District, which in 1852 gave a Democratic majority of 4,409, Mott, Anti-Nebraska, has nearly 1,000 majority.

In the 9th District, unexpectedly to every one, Cooper K. Watson, who was only announced as a candidate a few days before the election, has 2,560 majority. In 1852, Green, the present member, was elected by a majority of 5,265. He voted for the Nebraska bill, and the people have thus passed their verdict upon him.

But these majorities are all eclipsed by Hamilton County, which in 1852 had a majority of 10,000, and is one far more crafty, treacherous and cruel than ever poor Giant Pope was, even before he had lost his teeth, as John Bunyan tells us he had, and one that is in full vitality and growing daily in strength, and who will devour us all, before long, if he be not knocked on the head.

But to discount from my Allegory, which Mrs. Malaprop tells us is one of the most headstrong of animals, before it carries me out of my depth, the Know-Nothing Movement seems to have struck terror into the hearts of the Whigs—terrors such as are excited by "the substance of ten thousand men" and not by unsubstantial shadows. The Know-Nothing candidate for Governor, Mr. Henry J. Gardner, has had to suffer for the bodily fear into which he has put them. This gentleman was taken, as was your Know-Nothing candidate, from the very shaggiest set of Whigdoms, even that which named the name of the martyred Daniel—he only did not consent (at that time) to the death of the Whig Party, but submitted to the Baltimore nomination. He was a rising man in that communion, active and busy and not without his promised reward, though it is not likely that he ever hoped for higher promotion than the Mayoralty of this City, or possibly a seat in Congress. But since he has joined the new Order and accepted its nomination, the way in which the Whig papers come down upon him is (or should be) a caution to all political Cripes. They attack his sincerity, his veracity, his temperance and his very poetry. He as little dreamt of the rig he was going to run when he set out as John Gilpin did. Like a young bear, all his troubles were to come. But they came, and the cry all along has been "still they come." Judge Allen, of Worcester, met the attack, in a speech there, in which he "let in" to the Know-Nothings for putting up a man notoriously Anti-Temperance and Pro-Slavery. And here our candidate showed the weakness, shared, I believe, by yours, which is the badge of the whole tribe of candidates. "Frailty, thy name is Letter-writing!" When will political parties take the advice which I have lavished upon them, over and over again? There are only two safe things that a party can do—either to nominate a man who can neither read nor write, or else, as soon as the nomination is made, to put him under lock and key, as cruel fathers and guardians do the young ladies on the stage, and never let him out until after Election. Mr. Gardner was ill-advised enough to reply to Judge Allen, which produced a rejoinder, of which the Whigs have made ample use. However, it is affirmed that the only practical effect has been to give him the Rum vote, without losing him that of the Maine Law men, who are ready to take him at his own account of himself rather than at Judge Allen's.

Talking of Worcester puts me in mind of the demonstration there on the occasion of the advent of Deputy Marshal Butman. Of course, you have all the particulars. This man was the very identical man who arrested both Sims and Burns, under false pretences. He was the one whom honest Sims stabbed, and was only prevented from converting himself from a Georgia Slave into a Massachusetts murderer by the fact that the Maine Liquor Law was not at that time in full operation. When it was known that this wretch was in a decent city (we are used to such in Boston), it is no wonder that a popular excitement was aroused, even to the extent of endangering his life. I don't say it was right, observe; but it was uncommonly natural, according to our fallen condition. And it was certainly a beautiful arrangement that all the persons whom he had saved to the towns to collect, were generally useful.

A week or two ago, a party of one hundred and fifty persons, left on their arrival in that territory,

they find, as the papers say, that their "Southern brethren" have resolved that no intruders from the free States shall have quarters there, and named after its builder, A. B. Latte. It embraces some improvements, being lighter and less in length than the others, but of the same power. Some months since, the City of Boston contracted with Latte & Co. for an engine similar to that last mentioned, for \$8,000. It is to be ready for use by the 1st of December. The same firm are building one for Louisville, and one for St. Louis, so that, in a few months, this new and admirable machine will be in use in various directions, and its capabilities tested in all situations.

In our journalism I fancy I see an improvement—perhaps "the wish is father to the thought." The Ledger has, now and then, a really good leader, and seldom anything objectionable; and when it does say "Good Lord!" and "Good Devil!" in the same breath, the former ejaculation seems to be the louder of the two. The well-known North American does respectably in its arm-chair, after its dinner of roast turkey, oyster-sauces and plum-pudding; in a literary way, I have to tell you that the Lady's Book is still punctually issued, without any deterioration to its literary character, which, indeed, was not to be feared.

In the midst of the general dullness and stagnation, Mr. George M. Dallas, who, you will remember, was at one time suspected of a disposition to sacrifice himself on the altar of his country, in the capacity of President of the United States, has published a letter in reply to some one, sanctioning the proposition to form Union Clubs, which, it appears, he regards with a very favourable eye. This vigilant care of the public weal, on the part of this gentleman, would be worthy of all praise at any time, but, is you, must agree with me, peculiarly affecting at the present juncture, and under existing circumstances, when it must be plain, to all impartial persons, he can have but little hope of an opportunity to devote himself to the public weal, at the sacrifice of that private felicity which constitutes the full fruition of the statesman. We are far from being a partisan or even an admirer of Andrew Jackson Davis, but this critique of his "Revelations" is repulsive to our sense of justice as well as to our taste. Alas for Christianity! if we were compelled to judge it by the spirit too often exhibited by those who assume to be its champions.

